

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 9.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
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APRIL'S SHOWING.

FOUR RECORDS BROKEN.

The Best Advertising Month in the History of THE WORLD.

PAPERS PRINTED.

The Gain in the Average number of Worlds Printed per day in April, 1892, as Compared with April, 1891, was.....**66,915**

ADVERTISING.

Best Advertising Day.....**6,978**
(Sunday, April 10, 1892.)

Best Advertising Week.....**3,158**
(Tuesday, April 12, 1892.)

Best Advertising Week.....**22,458**
(Ended April 30, 1892.)

Best Advertising Month.....**91,226**
(April, 1892.)

Best Previous Month.....**83,460**
(March, 1891.)

Gain for April Over Best Previous Month.....**7,766**

THE WORLD will or, under unusual circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe keeping of any injured, maimed, pif or pain, or of whatever character or value. No exception will be made to his right with regard to either letters or inclosures, or will he render entire correspondence, concerning business manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The growler was growing at most of the old stands yesterday.

It is declared that the Sherman boom grows perceptibly. Anti-Harrison soil is fertile just now.

Sixteen inches of snow in Nebraska. Minister Roan's return must have made its atmosphere cold.

A Paterson girl has sued an undertaker for breach of promise. She wants him to bury her dead bones in greenbushes.

If HARRISON is nominated outside of the breastworks it is very probable that he will still be found there after the election.

Prof. FAIR, a foreign savant, predicts a heavy earthquake for California May 11. It would be a pity to shake down the Golden Gate.

It is proposed to increase the Paris police force. It won't do any good unless the vigilance of the force is also increased to match that of the Anarchists.

The two Wyoming women who have been chosen as delegates to the Republican National Convention will add to the talkiness of the sessions, if nothing more.

And now the Rev. Dr. Perkins intimates very plainly that he will turn ex-vice detective in New York. It is becoming a short stop from the pulpit to the self-appointed special police.

Another cozen steel has turned a bullet aside and saved a woman's life. So the arguments accumulate on the side of the lasers, and it is long since the dress reformers advanced a new point.

Prince RUSSELL HARRISON surprised the ladies at Rebecca's Well in the Actors' Fund Fair by paying 10 cents for a glass of lemonade. They didn't expect more than the Bowery tariff, 1 cent a glass.

Not to be behind other people of his time, State Senator WALKER, of Senator HILL's district, is fostering a little boomerang of his own. It is only for the Vice-Presidency, and it is just possible that it won't develop into a full boom.

In Greene County, Pennsylvania, a boy who at a social party kissed a woman who rejoiced in children and grandchildren as well was stabbed to death by the

jealous husband of the woman. If he must do something that husband could have avoided trouble and bloodshed very nicely by simply spanking the boy. And it would have been much more grand-fatherly.

A last straw is threatened for overburdened New Jersey justice in Murderer HALLIGAN's case. The prisoner's lawyer calls the British Minister's attention to HALLIGAN as a subject of the Queen suffering from the oppression and irregularity of American courts. It will be an affecting spectacle if John Bull is really moved to cast his three-sentenced blood-stained wretch to his indignantly swelling chest.

BE WARNED IN TIME, MR. GERRY.

President EDWARD T. GERRY is reported as feeling deeply the disgrace cast upon his Society through the blackmailing operations of Agents BREWER and FENN. As he is honest in his grief he is entitled to sympathy. But is he not somewhat to blame for this condition of affairs? When another of his Society's agents, one HUXLEY, was caught buying blackmail on a saloon keeper, THE EVENING WORLD urged Mr. Gerry to push the case, but he remained perfectly passive and tacitly allowed it to drop.

If HUXLEY had been prosecuted and sent to jail, his fate would undoubtedly have been such a warning to the other blackmailing agents of this Society that fear of consequences would have kept them straight. But being convinced that they could suffer no harm, they kept on in their course of crime.

Take warning now, Mr. Gerry, and do everything in your power to expose and punish all the wrongdoers in any way connected with the great and charitable organization over which you have control. The best of gold is helped by purifying, and the true metal is never harmed.

THAT UNACCOUNTED FOR \$41,000.

The unaccounted for \$41,000 of the Park of Harlem's stolen funds calls for an investigation of that institution's affairs from the first day it began business. The arrest of ex-president PINKHAM three years ago, his alleged peculations were discovered, makes his assertion that he is to be used as a scapegoat worthy of consideration.

THE EVENING WORLD's discovery that the two former Presidents were only accused of stealing \$4,000, and that there is mystery attending the disappearance of the remainder of the \$91,000 reported gone, has made the Hamilton Bank stockholders thoughtful and created a belief that it might not be unwise to make inquiries before having the two institutions consolidated.

Leaving out the question of PINKHAM's dishonesty and VAN VOORHIS's absconding, there are grounds for Bank Examiner FISHER taking prompt measures. Incidentally, what about this gentleman's final examination of the Bank of Harlem's finances for the past three years?

THE BOY AND THE DULLBO BACILLUS.

Didn't we tell you so? When the Drayton-Mill roll-bacilli-dublisters brightened up their vocabularies and loaded their parts of speech with ombumboh bulllets, didn't THE EVENING WORLD, in the course of a few cheery remarks, say that the dueto was diffusing itself so generally in the circumambient that there would soon be an epidemic of the code and the field of honor would run with fakes or be covered several feet deep with flakes of powdered stove polish. The bacillus of blood-had has taken hold of people and there is a ringing demand in many parts of the land for exchanges of shots as the only remedy for the healing of wounded feelings and abrased honor.

Why even the children have taken to crying for choice of weapons. Here is a St. Louis boy scarcely old enough to know the difference between his cut-shears and pokey-handkerchief who has challenged his teacher to mortal combat because the latter expelled him from his class. Nothing short of surcharged pistol at five paces will satisfy this hellion youth, and he is now probably sitting sadly in the garret of his home, to which his father may have chased him with a belabat, waiting for an answer to his corpuscle-curdling epistle.

It is easy to see where this thing is leading us. The time is not far off when dealing grounds may be a necessary adjunct of every school-house, and it is not inconceivable that the tots in the kindergartens will be trained in the glorious art of shooting at an adversary without any intention of hitting him in a vital part than his cut-shears. Their parents will have to be careful, for their boys in knickerbockers may call them out for so slight a provocation as a slap in the face or a rap over the knuckles. When this time comes ANNEKE SONGH and the Prof. PEY MONEY ought to have a soft snap. They can come to think country and open-jury of honor-shops in the principal cities with the assurance that they will do a rousing business, even if they have to pay their goods and place the price of the same within the reach of the poorest families.

ERRORS IN THE MORNING NEWS.

Students of this world's horrors found ample material to dwell upon in this morning's papers. There was a story of torture indirectly from China; there were the details of an awful suicide from San Francisco; there was the narrative from Canada of a desperate family quarrel, in which AMELIA SWINN, colored, killed her wife with a shotgun, following up the murder by throwing himself under the wheels of a train, where he was ground to death.

The Pell Street murder was the affair of a black man who couldn't take a joke and of a young fellow who didn't know when to stop. One less basin of cold water on the negro's head from young JAMES GRASSICK's hand, and there would have been no leaping of a friend upstairs and no bloody work of a long, slim knife.

As for the torture of Chinese political prisoners—the news of such doings is pretty nearly enough to stop the qualms of American conscience over treaty-breaking Exclusion bills.

The poor fellow who drove himself to suicide in San Francisco threw himself into a imitation, he honest—said it back, said JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

self into a raging fiery furnace. The name of death takes rank as most despicable among all the desperate ways in which men have taken themselves out of life. Then the Czarist murderer—he played a high card to beat the law's last trump—the electric chair.

A Philadelphia young man, who was to have been married next Thursday, committed suicide yesterday. He believed in flying from the life he had to those we not of, and in choosing between death and marriage seems to have made up his mind that he would be taking less chances by venturing the former.

Police courts continue to discriminate between kleptomaniacs and ordinary everyday shoplifters. It makes all the difference in the world to a thief when she faces a judge whether she hails from an east-side tenement or a west-side fancy-nomineated apartment-house.

If the police could suppress the regular Sunday market as effectively as they have suppressed the now irregular Sunday cocktail, they would add to their reputation in a direction that would be appreciated.

A Maine preacher says he prefers building to sparing. The forester is certainly a more picturesque一个职业 than the thumper, and it is probably his artistic sense that leads the preacher to prefer him.

The dime novel again. It gave twelve-year-old CHARLIE BROWN his ideas of life. He ran away from his home at Passaic, and has been fatally hurt by a train on his way back to the peaceful shelter his rough experience away taught him not to deserve.

Of course, America can turn out as good ships and as fast liners as England. Every good American knew that. But nobody objects because Builder CLAMP puts the fact into words.

Another earthquake is predicted for California. Here is a chance for playboy rain-makers to adopt the rôle of quake preventers.

THE CLEANER.

I am told the Oval Club, a new organization, has leased the famous Berkeley oval and will devote much money and care to improve the grounds.

A rumor is again afoot that an American Monte Carlo will be established by a syndicate of wealthy men. A gentleman who arrived on La Bourgogne yesterday is said to be interested in the game.

When she was informed that the societies were only in operation from October until May, her comment was, "The hand of fate is raised against me." Certainly, her lot is hard.

The other family lives in the lower end of Mott street in a dilapidated rear house, where the stairs and hallways are warped with wear and the staircase is notorious.

The husband is off at sea and his return is uncertain. There are four children of a helpless age, and not one is in a healthy condition.

All winter they have gone without shoes, stockings and blankets, and if their food was not insufficient it certainly was not wholesome, for their flesh is pasty and of a yellowish hue; their little bodies are distorted with rickets and ugly sores prey upon their vital organs.

One child, a girl not three years of age, has an ulcer on her foot that has eaten away half the big toe. The two other children are similarly afflicted, and the baby looks more like a cripple than a doll than a human being. These ten persons want attention. They have a claim on humanity which must be recognized. The charities are doing good work, and, in many instances, more than their share. The friendless, the strangers and those lonely castaways of society never seen inside of a meeting-house or lecture-room belong to the public and look to the charity system to help them.

Customer—You say my roll is buttered?

Proprietor—Yes, sir; with finest creamery customer. Then it must be photographed on, for I can't taste it."

WORLDLINGS.

Ex-Gov. GRIPSON, the first Chief Executive of Colorado, says he has seen the State grow from nothing to a million in population. All this has happened in little more than ten years, and the Governor himself is not yet an old man.

Virginia will represent us one of the three countries States at the World's Fair by Miss Lila Harrison, of Louisville, who has been selected for that honor because of her great beauty.

Norfolk is said to be the centre of the world's parasol industry, which amounts to millions of dollars annually.

In addition to her great fame as a novelist and an actress, the late Miss AMELIA EDWARDS was a traveler of some distinction. Her experiences embodied in two interesting books of travel.

Two children, the elder of whom is fifteen years old, recently escaped from Princeton, N.J., and were married.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Revise. Monday's child has more'la, Tuesday's child is full of ticks, Wednesday's child is a jester, Thursday's child is good and bad, Friday's child will trouble us, Saturday's child will bring us joy, but the child that is born on the Sabbath day is born on Sunday, so there say.

GROWTH OF TROUBLE.

If you have owned to the date, And all your ready cash is spent, You'll be compelled to go to the pawnshop to raise the rent, Judge.

LAW OF SPRING.

The easier now lives than before, With all the little birds and bees, It's better to live in the sun, than in the shade, Judge.

A JUDGE'S PROVENCE.

(From Sarah, Queen of Spain.)

Snowdrops—Is stagger a judge of liquor?

Snowdrops—I think he knows it, Judge.

COMFORTING.

(From Justice.)

Taller—Look here! I have worried myself over that bill of yours.

Casket—the undertaker—that's all right, old man. If worst comes to worst you can take it out to trade.

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BABES ASK YOUR AID.

The Fund for the Employment of Free Doctors Now Open.

"The Evening World's" Corps to Once More Battle with Disease.

Think of the Sick Children of the Tenements and Give Your Mite.

So many appeals in behalf of suffering children have been received lately that it is deemed advisable to open the Sick Babies' Fund at once.

The regular work of ministering to the sick in the overpopulated districts of the city will not begin before the hot weather, but provision will have been made to relieve those distressing poor families who have no friends and no claim on either religious or benevolent organizations.

Two cases from the long and melancholy list where misery enrolls itself will illustrate this.

Mrs. M.'s letter is personal as well as pathetic. She urges that her name will not be published "because she is ashamed to ask for help," but her husband is dying, her baby is sick, and the little girl who pays the rent with her earnings does not get enough meat and may lose her place because the lady says she is lazy."

She has been to no less than five New York churches, "but none of them could do anything for me; they told me they had more to do in the parish than they could look after and that I ought to go to my own pastor." And she ends her letter with these touching words: "I have no pastor, and my baby and my husband will die if I do not get help. I can't work. I am not able to leave the house."

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